

AUNT AFFABLE'S

STORY OF  
OLD  
**MOTHER BANTRY**  
AND HER CAT.

A



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CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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“And for daring to come, she gave Puss a hard slap.”

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# OLD MOTHER BANTRY.

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Old Mother Bantry  
Went to the pantry,  
To get her cat, Grip, some meat  
Not a morsel she found,  
Tho' she looked all around,  
So Pussy had nothing to eat.



So she went to the butcher's,  
To buy her some meat;  
But before she reached home,  
She met Grip in the street.

So she took Puss home with her,  
And fed her with care,  
But Grip had a fancy  
For daintier fare.

So, when to the kitchen  
Dame went for a dish,  
On returning she found  
Grip was eating her fish.

One time when she went  
With some wash for the pig,  
On returning, she found  
Puss was dancing a jig.



And again, when she went once  
To buy a nice scarf,  
On returning, she found  
Grip was feeding a dwarf.

So she laughed, ran up stairs,  
And dressed herself smart;  
And when she came down,  
Puss was eating a tart.

So she locked Pussy up,  
And then went for a ride;  
But Grip got away,  
And jumped up to her side.

Then the Dame stopped the gig,  
And took Grip in her lap;  
And for daring to come,  
She gave Puss a hard slap.





But at last she forgave her,  
And onwards in glee,  
Through the country they rode,  
Till they came back to tea.

So they sat by the fire,  
Good books the Dame read;  
After which they had supper,  
And then went to bed.

In the morn the Dame rose,  
And on coming down stairs,  
There was Grip catching mice,  
Over tables and chairs.

Says the Dame, "That's a frolic  
I can well excuse;  
Catch the rats and mice, Grip,  
Whenever you choose."





Next day, having sat  
For some time on the lawn;  
On returning, she found  
That poor Grippy was gone.  
So she called out, aloud,  
Crying, "Grippy, come here!"  
But no answer was made,  
Nor did Grippy appear.  
She asked every neighbour  
And all passers nigh,  
If any had seen  
Her dear Grippy go by.  
But no one had seen her,  
Nor heard her, 'twas plain;  
So the Dame thought she never  
Should see her again.





Returning, however,  
One day, from the shore,  
What should she behold  
But her Grip at the door!  
“Oh, welcome! my Grippy,”  
The Dame cries, in glee;  
“Where could you have been to?  
Come here and tell me.”

Says Puss, “When you sat  
In the garden, that day,  
A man came in doors  
And conveyed me away;  
“And ever since then  
Made me fast by a chain;  
But to-day I got loose,  
And have come home again.”







“Come in,” says the Dame,  
“And as sure as the name  
By which I am known, is Dame  
Bantry;  
You shall live in my house,  
On the choicest of mouse,  
And have the full run of my  
pantry.”



DAME BANTRY.

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